FANTA GRAPHICS

©1991 STONE & LANGRIDGE

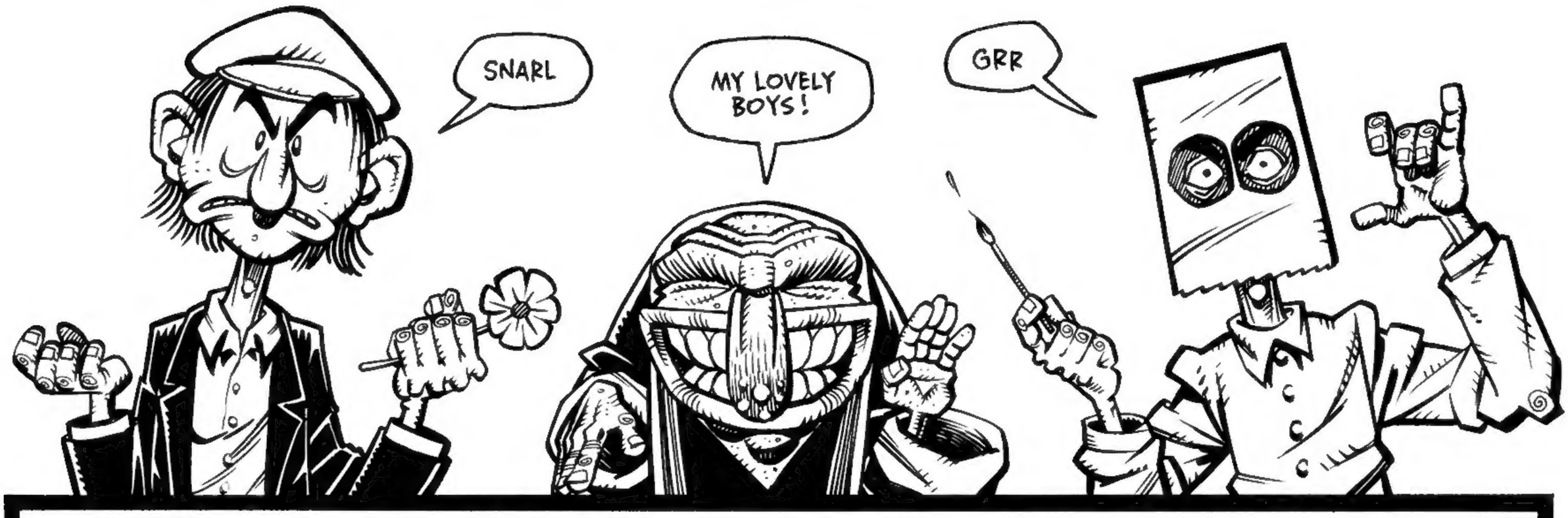
$2.25 U.S.
$2.75 CAN.
#
ONE

APPROVED BY
GARY
GROTH

KNUCKLES
THE MALEVOLENT NUN

KNUCKLES
THE MALEVOLENT NUN

by CORNELIUS STONE and ROGER LANGRIDGE
(AND VERY NASTY THEY ARE, TOO)



***Knuckles the Malevolent Nun* #1**, August, 1991. *Knuckles* is published monthly by Fantagraphics Books, Inc., and is copyright © 1991 Fantagraphics Books, Inc. All characters, stories, and art © 1991 Cornelius Stone and Roger Langridge. Back cover colored by Pat Moriarity. Front cover colored by Roberta Gregory. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, institutions, and deities in *Knuckles the Malevolent Nun* and those of any living or dead persons is intended (except for satirical purposes), and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Letters to *Knuckles the Malevolent Nun* become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: June, 1991. Available from the publisher for $2.00 + 50¢ postage and handling: Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115. **Send for our free catalogue of comics!**

CONFESS

WRITE TO: 61 MT. EDEN ROAD, AUCKLAND 3, NEW ZEALAND or FANTAGRAPHICS, 7563 LAKE CITY WAY NE, SEATTLE WA 98115, U.S.A.

Hello, chubblies ~ it's yer dear ol' Auntie Knuckles here, collecting the dirt on my flock. It takes a lot to shock me ~ so don't be afraid to tell me your innermost secrets (PIN numbers, Swiss Bank accounts, incriminating photographs are all especially welcome). Believe me, I've not only seen it all before, I was probably the third person in that sleeping bag. So without further ado, here's a letter from someone who's seen me in LEATHER UNDERWEAR. You should all be so lucky.

~Knuckie-Poos

Dear Gary:
Y'know, I've come to the conclusion that you guys are gonna have to stop giving your new releases such weird sounding names. I mean, first there was Dennis Worden's PEDESTRIAN VULGARITY and now it's the Langridge boys with LEATHER UNDERWEAR. I go into my local comics shop and ask for these books by name and I get all sorts of shit... (What sort of shit exactly? Be specific next time ~ K.)

Having gone on record earlier as being a fan of the Langridge sense of humor (following the release of ART d'ECCO last year) it should come as no surprise that I intend to be on hand for every issue of this book as well. (I'm assuming it's the first issue of a series... hopefully an open-ended one.) (My end's always open to the right people. ~ K.) I expected great things of this one going in... and I wasn't disappointed. (Well, I've never had any complaints... ~ K.)

I thoroughly loved almost every bit of this book, with the exception of the "Clockedin Facehead" piece, which I confess I didn't understand the point of. Everything else was a complete riot... especially the "Signed Not Signed" on the inside back cover. And I definitely want more of Knuckles, the Malevolent Nun. (How MUCH more, darlin'? ~ K.) She makes Evangeline look like Mother Teresa! (Hey, I make MOTHER TERESA look like Mother Teresa. ~ K.)

(There followed another hour and a half of gushing about the book, at which point we finally had to take poor David away as he was drooling all over the floor... it wasn't pretty...)

Cheers,
David Peattie, Concord, CA.

(Sigh... About that title, LEATHER UNDERWEAR: It was intended to be a metaphor for all the things El Wimpo Langridge found constricting and uncomfortable about organised religion, but nobody seems to have got it. Hence the complete absence of subtlety in the book you now hold in your hands. Heh.

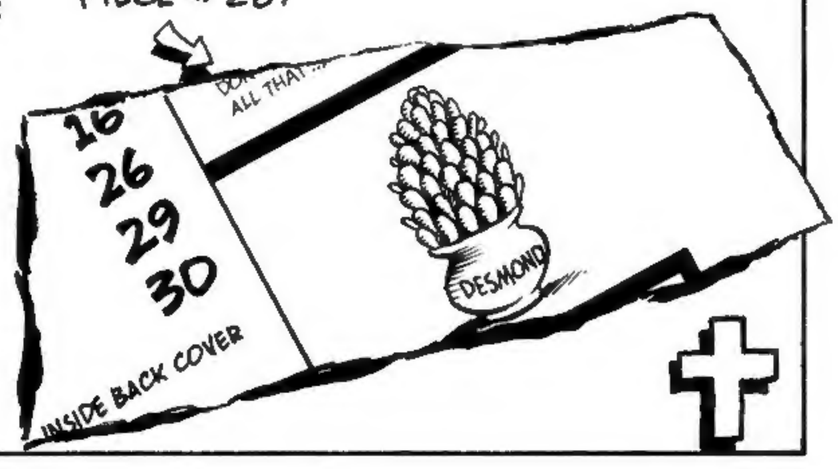
(I like you, kid. Wanna go someplace?)

Gary,
I can't believe you put LEATHER UNDERWEAR out! Do you read this shit before you publish it?

Sincerely,
Andrew P. Gray, Baltimore, MD.

(This letter was enclosed in an envelope with a shredded copy of LEATHER UNDERWEAR. We've sent the boys around ~ K.)

PIECE #287



FOR THE RECENTLY CONVERTED †

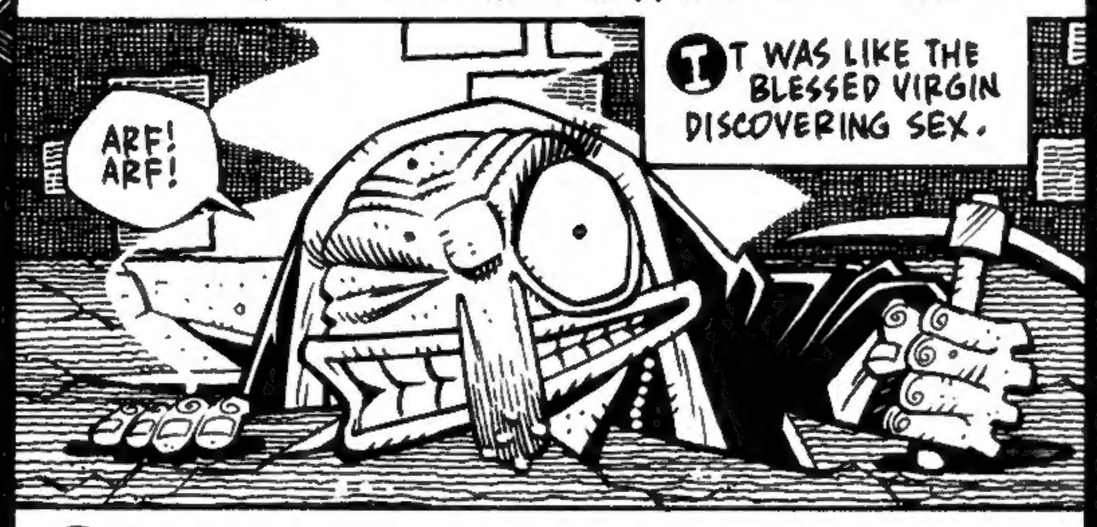
OR "ASK US NO QUESTIONS OR WE'LL SHOW YOU HER THIGHS"

EVEN THIS COMIC BOOK DOESN'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS, OKAY? JUST CONTENT YOURSELF WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SHE KNOWS **MORE** ABOUT REAL LIFE THAN YOU'RE EVER **GOING** TO...

APPROVED BY GARY GROTH

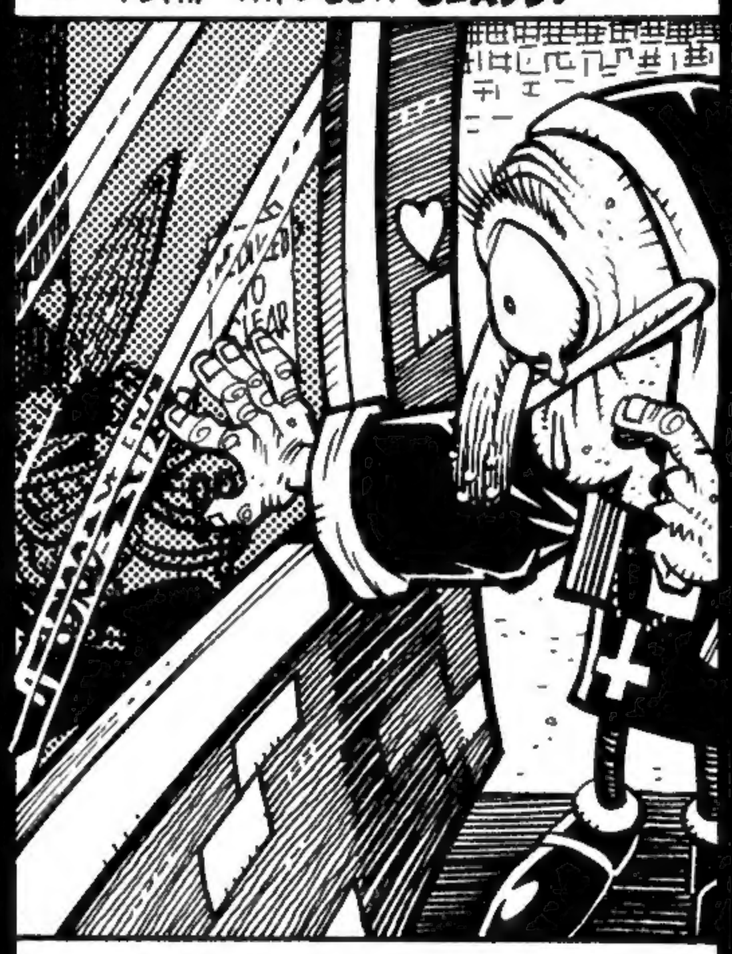
KNUCKLES' DECISION TO BECOME A NUN HAD LESS TO DO WITH RELIGION THAN WITH **NECESSITY**...

AFTER A BRIEF DALLIANCE WITH THE CHURCH OF THE HIDDEN PROPHET, CATHOLICISM CLAIMED HER AS ITS OWN.



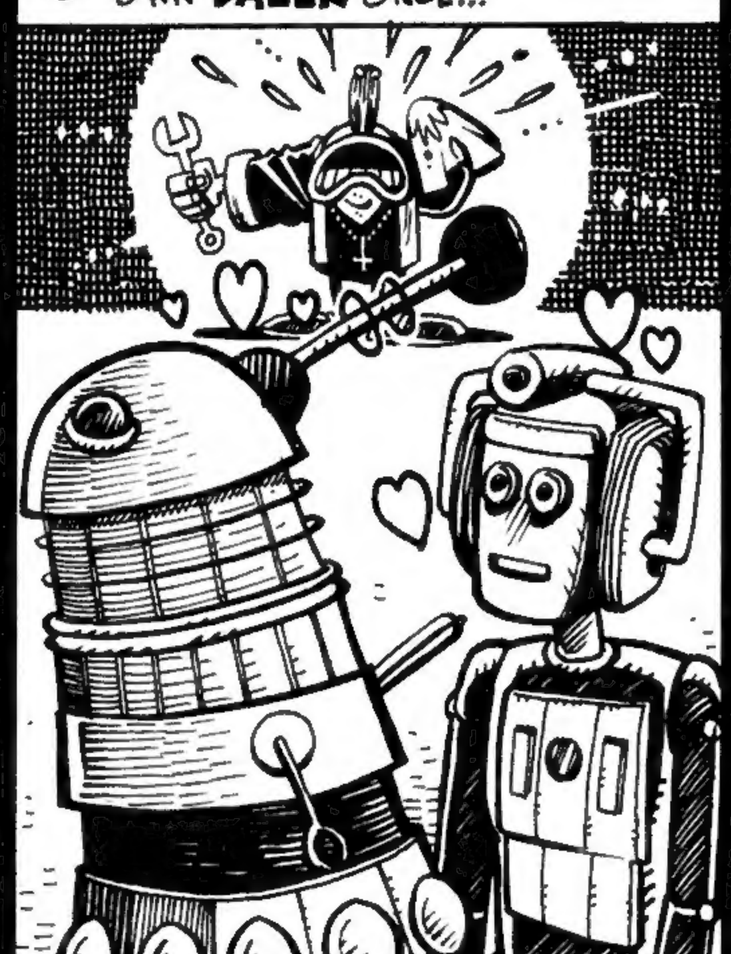
SHE EVENTUALLY LEFT THE SISTERS OF NO MERCY WHEN SHE DECLARED HERSELF 'GOD'S HAND-GRENADE'...

KNUCKLES MET SPUNKY, HER PET FLY... THROUGH **GLASS**.



'PANDORA'S PETS' WAS HAVING A CLEARANCE SALE BEFORE THE WRETCHED INSECT INFECTED **ALL** HER BUNNY-WUNNIES AND POOCHIE-WOOCHIES WITH AIDS...

KNUCKLES EVEN MOTHERED HER OWN **DALEK** ONCE...



...BUT HAPPY EVENTUALLY ELOPED WITH CARRINGTON THE CYBERMAN...

LIFE CAN BE GRIM... EVEN WITH **GOD** ON YOUR SIDE.

GOD HIMSELF GREW SO INTRIGUED BY KNUCKLES HE SENT **WITCHBITE** TO OBSERVE HER FIRST-HAND.

KNUCKLES NEEDED A NOSY ANGEL LIKE SHE NEEDED A **SECOND PUBERTY**.

HER AGE AND PARENTS AND DATA LIKE THAT **ARE** A MYSTERY... BUT SHE **DOES** HAVE KNOWN RELATIVES...

TAKE UP THIS SPADE FOR CHRIST

HARI KARI JUNIOR

UNCLE LESBIAN

AUNTY EUNICH

SOME OF THE... **IDIOSYNCRACIES** OF HER LIFE INVOLVE THE INCREDIBLE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO DON'T TAKE HER FOR WHAT SHE **IS**...

I **AM** A BLOODY CHRISTIAN

FEK

... INCLUDING HELLFIRE-AND-BRIMSTONERS...

ONE OF KNUCKLES' MAIN OCCUPATIONS YOU **DON'T** WANT TO KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT... SEE HERE, FOR INSTANCE, HER PERSONAL DEFINITION OF "FOUR-PLAY"...

SLURP

THE GHOSTS OF NEW ZEALAND CARTOON CHARACTERS WHO HAVE PASSED ON COME TO STAND OVER HER BED SOME NIGHTS...

TSK

OH.

SHE MAKES TISCO GEORGE AND JOE DOLE FEEL VERY PALE INDEED.

LIKE A METAPHOR FOR HEAVEN AND HELL, KNUCKLES HAS A COTTAGE **UPSTAIRS**...

TRESPASSERS WILL BE EXPERIMENTED UPON

STINKY

STORAGE ROOM

LABORATORY

MISSILE SILO

EGRESS TO CENTRAL SEWER SYSTEM

... CONNECTED BY A LABYRINTHINE SEWER **DOWNSTAIRS.**

SO IF YOU SUDDENLY HEAR THE SOUND OF KNUCKLES' FAVOURITE THERAPY...

... THE BREAKING OF **MEDICINE BALLS**...

... YOU'D BETTER ASK YOURSELF:

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN THE SEWER OF KNUCKLES THE MALEVOLENT NUN??

SSS.

TICK-TICK TICK

Prologue:

IN A SMELLY PLACE...

I HATE WINTER.

ERK

OOH

EEK

ERF

OUCH

AHH

DESMOND

A KENNAN BARBIE TM

BEER

TSK!

THE DEVIL NEEDS A **HOBBY**... THAT'S THE PROBLEM...

I'M BORED... AND IT'S **HELL.**

I NEED **STIMULI. INVENTION. CLEVER IDEAS. EDWARD DE BONO.**

ALL I'VE GOT IS MY **REALM**...

... A REALM OF **WHALING SOULS.**

HEH HEH

I DUNNO. I MEAN... HELL CAN BE SO **INTERESTING** TO AN OUTSIDER... I GUESS...

SHIT!! I NEED SORDID, FILTHY SEX... OR BETTER YET, SOME DECENT **CONVERSATION.**

ALL I'VE GOT CURRENTLY IS THAT PERISHING **PINECONE** THAT SEEMS TO MANAGE TO FOLLOW ME AROUND.

GOD KNOWS **HOW.**

THE LATEST INPUT TO HELL HAVE BEEN A **DREARY** BUNCH. I'M AFRAID THE MORE INTERESTING 'PLAYERS' ARE STILL **ALIVE AND KICKING.**

I'M GONNA HAVE TO HATCH A SCHEME OF **IMMENSE MALIGNANT GENIUS.** I'M GONNA ~

WILL YOU QUIT THAT??

HAH??

OR AT LEAST TELL ME HOW YOU **DID** IT! THAT'S WHAT **REALLY** BUGS ME!!

SODDING **VEGETABLE.**

HOW CAN I BE EXPECTED TO THINK WITH **DESMOND** FOLLOWING ME AROUND?!

I DUNNO IF HE'S DEAD... OR EVEN BEEN **ALIVE.**

ONE THING I'LL BUY IS THE **COMPANIONSHIP** ANGLE...

PROFESSIONAL COMPANIONSHIP, ANYWAYS...

PAYDIRT!

MY FINEST BATMAN! ...

YO, BOSS! HOWZ HELL HANGING?

PAYDIRT, I'M...

BORED AGAIN?

IMAGINE MY SURPRISE ~

I WANT TO TEMPT SOMEONE INTERESTING FROM THE LIVING.

OH, THAT'LL BE UNUSUAL.

I HAVE VARIOUS STEAKS... ER, **STAKES...**

OH, HE'SSS GREAT AT PARTIESSS!

SSSURE!

GOT A LIGHT?

THAT YOU DO, BOSS

THAT CREATURE **THATCHER**

YES! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO ROOT HER AND SAY... "**THINK OF ENGLAND**"

GIZZA JOB

I'M A CORNY KINDA GUY

GIZZA JOB

BUT I CAN'T HAUL HER OFF THE EARTH YET... SHE'S STILL GOT A **COMEBACK** TO MAKE

THEN WOT ABOUT THAT **NUN...?**

OF COURSE! KNUCKLES!!

AND I HAVE EVERY **RIGHT!** SHE'S MINE ALREADY! SHE'S A NUN... BUT SHE'S NEVER BEEN **BAPTISED**

HAHAHAHAHAH

OOH

OW

EEK

PERFECT, PAYDIRT... STINKIN' **EXCELLENT.**

BZZ BZZ BZZ

PLOT MECHANICS: They fall to devise a malignant scheme...

DESMOND

END OF PROLOGUE

KLIK!

KLIK

KLIK

KLIK

KNUCKLES in STENCH of BITCH

THE MALEVOLENT NUN

Part One: "The SMOULDERING NUN"

HOW MUCH AM I BID FOR MY NEXT MASTERPIECE ~ "STILL MORE BIRDSHIT SPRAWLING HANDSOMELY"?
SPLAPPY
GUFFAW
LAUGH-IN
HEE-HAW
YUK YUK
CERTAINLY NOT, YOU CHEAP SCUM, THAT CARD IS A BOGUS PILE OF FRAUDULENT CRUD.
AND I SHOULD KNOW ~ I STARTED IT.
MILLIONS
TRILLIONS
CAN I PAY BY BASTARDCARD?
AFTER THE AUCTION...
CLEANED UP AGAIN, SPUNKY! HYAK! CHRIST, I'M A WIZARD!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

RICHIE RICH ~ THE RICH LITTLE FUCK

VROOAR!

THAT'S KNUCKLES NOW... HOME AFTER ANOTHER HARD DAY'S SWINDLE.

RAWWWW

:SIGH: ... GOD SENT ME TO OBSERVE HER AT CLOSE QUARTERS... BUT IF I **OBSERVE** HER DEEDS, I FEEL OBLIGED TO **INTERFERE.**

WHAT'S AN ANGEL TO **DO?**

HELLO, WITCHBITE

HEH HEH

WANNA HEAR ALL ABOUT IT, **WIMPO?**

NO.

SO TELL ME.

AND RELISHING EVERY GODDAMNED WORD, KNUCKLES DESCRIBES IN EGOTISTICAL STATISTICAL DETAIL HOW SHE'S ROLLING IN "EARTHLY" RICHES...

MISTER BUGGER

LATER, SHE'S ROLLING IN THE LAND OF **NOD...**

ZNARF

OOH! SPOOKY PANEL!

THE MORNING TURNS UP ON SCHEDULE...

SCHWARTENNEGGER

Knuckles - you are the greatest! -Arnie X

All my love, Jesus

SO DOES **SPUNKY** FOR HER MORNING CUDDLE...

THE ONE MISSING ELEMENT: A **NUN** TO DRIBBLE LOVE OVER...

JASON DONOVAN

SPUNKY SEARCHES THE WHOLE COTTAGE...

SPUNKY?...

WHAT ON EARTH'S GOING ON?

DECEMBER

DON'T BLOODY FORGET!!

25

Wet Nuts

COW JUICE

Moo

THEN IT'S THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!

I TALK TO THE TREES...

THAT'S WHY THEY PUT ME AWAY...

READ EIGHTBALL

BEENZ MEENZ FARTZ

BILLBOARD MEETS FREDBOARD

$50,000 REWARD FOR BILLY JOEL DEAD OR DEAD

WHO'S NOTLITTLE ON CARS? A BRAIN SURGEON

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOURS

NO. 1: LASSIE WOOFPARCEL

SPUNKY!

TELL ME ~ WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE'S KNUCKLES GOT TO?

A BIT OF TELEPATHY...

MY WORD! SHE'S A **RUNAWAY!**

YOU CHECK THE **SEWERS.**

SOMETHING'S A TAD SCREWY HERE... I'M GOING TO CHECK THE **EVIDENCE.**

PRIVATE CLOUD KEEP OFF

ZZNFF

ZZZZZZZZ

HER WINDOW... **OPEN.**

IF I EMPLOY **PSYCHOMETRY...**

PAYDIRT!!

BIG PANEL COMIN' UP KIDS!

SPLUNKY! PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A JOURNEY...

WE NEED HELP OF **BIBLICAL** PROPORTIONS.

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME ON A TRIP TO **HEAVEN.**

SO GET READY...

:CHOKE:

HOOPLA!

FFFFFWOOOOSH

BOEAO THUNGG, EARTHLET!

RRK! RRK! RRK!

POLICE POLICE

EMERALD CITY

PLEASE HAVE YOUR PASSPORT READY

THE ROCK OF ETERNITY

SHAZAM PLEASE KNOCK

DEAD PEOPLE ONLY PAST THIS POINT

AS I SUPPOSE YOU CAN TELL... WE'RE **HERE.**

STICK NO BILLS

NO CIRCULARS

GASP

HELLO, PETER, MY FRIEND...

WITCHBITE, WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT A **FLY** TO THE GATES OF HEAVEN?

WHY... TO **ADMIT** HER.

SURELY NOT!

YOU'VE TAKEN LEAVE OF YOUR GOD-GIVEN SENSES!

YOUR HUMOUR IS A FOLLY

YOUR MANNERS ARE...

HELP HIM OUT KIDS!!
"YOUR MANNERS ARE..."

- ☐ NO FUN
- ☐ DIMLY REMEMBERED
- ☐ WORSE THAN MARLON BRANDO'S

PETER, OPEN THE GATES

NEVER. **NEVER-EVER.** NOT TO A VERMINOUS, LOUSY...

PISMO BEACH?

THE GATES, PETER!! DO YOUR JOB AND **OPEN THE GATES!!!**

YEEKS!

BLAP!

HMMPH.

WELL THEN.

O·ON YER OWN HEAD BE IT, MY FRIEND...

MUCH LATER...

I... DON'T **BELONG** HERE.

I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING **WRONG.**

}GRUNT{

YOU'VE **SCREWED UP,** JACK... BETTER PUT ME BACK BEFORE THE ... }ICK{... **BOYS UPSTAIRS** HEAR ABOUT THIS ABDUCTION...

}HUMPH{

LIBERACE MEMORIAL PARK

YOU MAY BE A NUN, BUT YOUR HABITS **STINK...** OF **BRIMSTONE.**

YOU'RE **MINE,** BITCH.

I **KNOW,** YOU SEE...

... I KNOW YOU WERE NEVER **BAPTISED**

OH BUGGER.

SPLOIP

BOSS...

I SAY...

I HATE TO INTERRUPT...

YOU'RE NOT EVEN GOING TO **BELIEVE** THIS...

EH?

GUESS WHO'S COME TO HELL?

I'VE GOT THE PARTY IN THE WAITING ROOM...

OH SOMEONE INTERESTING ...

DO YOU WANT ME TO GUESS?

I'D BETTER TELL YOU...

UM, THERE'S SPUNKY THE FLY, THAT ANGEL WITCHBITE, AND...

... WELL... **JESUS**, ACTUALLY...

JESUS?!

JESUS **CHRIST??**

OH, JESUS CHRIST!!

OMMM

PLEASE TAKE A NUMBER AND WAIT UNTIL CALLED

FRET WORRY

WELL FUCK ME DEAD

DESMOND

TO BE CONTINUED!

(OH YES THE OLD HARD SELL~ YOU CAN'T ESCAPE IT)

The Secret Origin of Knuckles

THE MALEVOLENT NUN

SITTING IN McDONALD'S ONE DAY, CHOWING DOWN ON DINDINS AND MYSTERY...

THAT... VILE, DESPICABLE **NUN** PERSON IS RUNNING AROUND OUR COUNTRY AT WILL... **RAPING, PILLAGING, VANDALISING...**

WHAT COULD HAVE **SPAWNED** SUCH A REPROBATE?

WELL, LIVIE, SINCE YOU **ASK**...

YOU SAW "ALIEN"? OKAY, MAYBE IT'S NOT YOUR CUP OF CHOW, OLD GIRL, BUT THERE WAS THIS SCENE IN IT, SEE, WHERE THE ALIEN, WHO'S BEEN LIVING IN JOHN HURT'S STOMACH...

?

... COMES BURSTING OUT... BLOOD SPLASHING EVERYWHERE ... AND KILLING THE CHARACTER...

WELL, SEE, THAT WAS ACTUALLY THE ACCOUNT OF KNUCKLES' BIRTH... TAMED DOWN FOR THE CINEMA-GOER...

OH, **GOD**, HERBERT! NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU A **SLEAZE!**

:YUK:

I CAN'T FINISH MY **MEAL** NOW!

AND IT'S NOT TRUE, NEITHER

NOT TRUE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MOXIE?

I MEAN THAT'S NOT WHERE KNUCKLES COMES FROM AT **ALL.**

WHY, THE WHOLE IDEA IS SCIENCE FICTION.

KNUCKLES WAS ORIGINALLY THE RULER OF EGYPT, **CLEOPATRA.** SHE WAS **TALLER.** OF COURSE, BUT JUST AS ELEGANT AND BREATHTAKINGLY... BREATHTAKING.

NOW, WHEN CLEOPATRA WAS HADDIT, AND HAD TO BE SENT TO THE GODS, THEY WRAPPED HER UP IN MUMMY BANDAGES... ALONG WITH HER LAST TRIP TO THE **TOILET.**

STUCK IN A SARCOPHAGUS, THE CORPSE OF CLEO BEGAN TO TWITCH AND CONVULSE... ER, FROM THE ODOUR OF THE QUEEN-LADY'S YOU-KNOW-WHATS...

RATTLE

THUMP

BEING SUCH A CONFINED SPACE, A SARCOPHAGUS...

OVER THE CENTURIES, CLEO-COME-KNUCKLES TWISTED AND POUNDED LIKE A POLTERGEIST IN PUBERTY...

EVENTUALLY, HER SARCOPHAGUS **EXPLODED...** AND **KNUCKLES THE MALEVOLENT NUN WAS BORN!!!**

BLOODY WOMEN'S MAGAZINES!

BLOODY NEWS OF THE WORLD!

IT'S **TRUE**, YOU BASTARDS!

BLOODY WOMEN, THEN

SLAP

POW

N.B. TRAPEZIUM MOUTH

NOTE: THE SCRIPT SAYS: "MOXIE GIVES HERBERT A SAL BUSCEMA" (?)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN STILL AT THE TABLE...

...I KNOW THE TRUE ORIGIN OF THE NUN.

SHE WAS DEVELOPED BY DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN... QUITE APPROPRIATELY FROM THE RIB OF THE MONSTER, ACCOUNTING FOR THE SIZE DIFFERENCE AND INCOMPATIBLE NATURES...

KRAKOOM!

COR!

ZZZZT

?

I HATE TO BURST YOUR BUBBLE, MISTER FRIVIDUS, BUT IT'S ABOUT TIME THE **REAL** STORY CAME OUT... AND I'M AFRAID, AS IS OFTEN THE CASE WITH NUNS, THE REAL STORY IS A **BIBLE** STORY...

:HIC:

IT WAS IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN, WITH OL' ADAM AND THE SERPENT AND THE APPLE...

GRAB THE APPLE

BITE THE APPLE

THEN LET'S FUCK

WHO NEEDS THE **APPLE,** PENIS-BREATH, LET'S JUST ~

THAT'S **NOT** HOW IT HAPPENED!! SHE WASN'T EVE, SHE WAS **CLEOPATRA**

BOOT

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

ALIEN

ahh my bump

EXIT

AHEM

AND SO THIS KIND OF THING GOES...

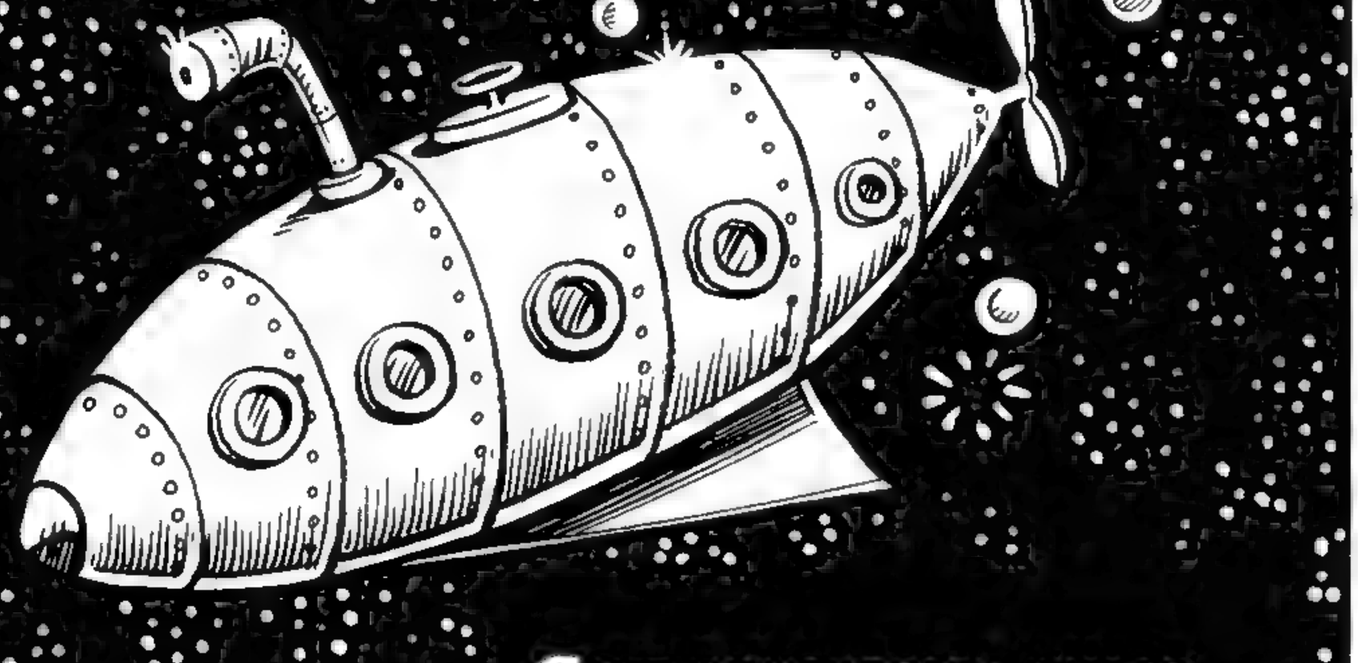
KNUCKLES MEANS SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO EVERYONE.

DOES **ANYONE** KNOW THE TRUE SECRET ORIGIN OF KNUCKLES?...

YES.

The SUBMARINE PEOPLE from OUTER SPACE

OUTER SPACE. OUT OF SPACE. THE SUBMARINE PEOPLE FROM OUT OF SPACE WERE RUNNING OUT OF PLANETS TO GO AND CONQUER. THEIR LATEST GOAL WAS SOL VII ~ NO PROBLEM FOR EARTHLINGS UNTIL YOU REALISED THE SUBBIES COUNTED **INWARDS** AND NOT OUT. (READ : UH-OH.)



THERE SHE STOOD IN THE FIRMAMENT ~ PLANET EARTH. DESPITE STAN LEE AND ORSON WELLES, IT HAD NEVER BEEN INVADED **OFFICIALLY**... OF COURSE, IF YOU WATCHED DOCTOR WHO AND READ WEEKLY WORLD NEWS, WHY, YOU BLOODY WELL KNEW **BETTER.**

GENE RODDENBERRY CALLED SPACE **THE FINAL FRONTIER** ~ BUT THAT'S TOO INSULAR AND UNDERESTIMATING. DOUGLAS ADAMS CAME CLOSER WHEN HE SAID SPACE WAS A VERY BIG THING. HE MEANT BIGGER THAN ANYTHING IN OUR IMAGINATIONS ~ AS BIG AS A VERY BIG THING.

SO HOW CAN **ANYONE**, SUBMARINE PERSON, CYBERMAN OR EVANGELIST, JUST RUN **OUT OF SPACE??**

WELL, IT TAKES A VERY **DRAMATIC** RACE, OR PICKY. OR CAUTIOUS. BASICALLY, THESE ARSEHOLES HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING IN LIGHT-YEARS THEY'RE CAPABLE OF KNOCKING OVER.

THEN THEY ZEROED IN ON **EARTH.**

IT IS TO LAUGH!

FNAR FNAR

FNAR FNAR

THAT DAY, KNUCKLES WAS BUSY WONDERING WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO HAVE CHILDREN (FRIED IN BUTTER)...

... WHEN SHE SAW THEIR **HERALD VESSEL** CROSS THE SKY.

A COLD CHILL SQUEEZED HER HEART. **THAT** DIDN'T BELONG TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH...

AN INVASION OF EARTH WAS ABOUT TO COMMENCE!

BLOOD! GUTS! CASUALTIES! MUTILATION!

ALL THE MEGA-THINGIES THAT MAKE LIFE **WUNDERBAR.**

TODAY WAS GOING TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DAY!!!

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT WHEN SHE WANTED TO, KNUCKLES COULD BE A REAL **EXTREMIST.** THE FATE OF THE EARTH SQUASHED ITS FAT SELF DOWN ON HER SCRAWNY SHOULDERS. AS IMPERTURBABLE AS ATLAS, KNUCKLES SHRUGGED...

CLANK CLANK CLANK

...AND MADE HER DANGEROUS WAY TO A COLLECTION OF BILLY JOEL RECORDS...

HANDLING TOXIC SUBSTANCES WAS A **THRILL** AND A **VOCATION** TO THIS NUN. SHE WONDERED IF THE SUBMARINE PEOPLE COULD REPEL SUCH A SERIOUS POISON. SHE WONDERED IF SCIENCE FICTION MADE THAT SORT OF THING... **POSSIBLE.**

BILLEEEEE!

?

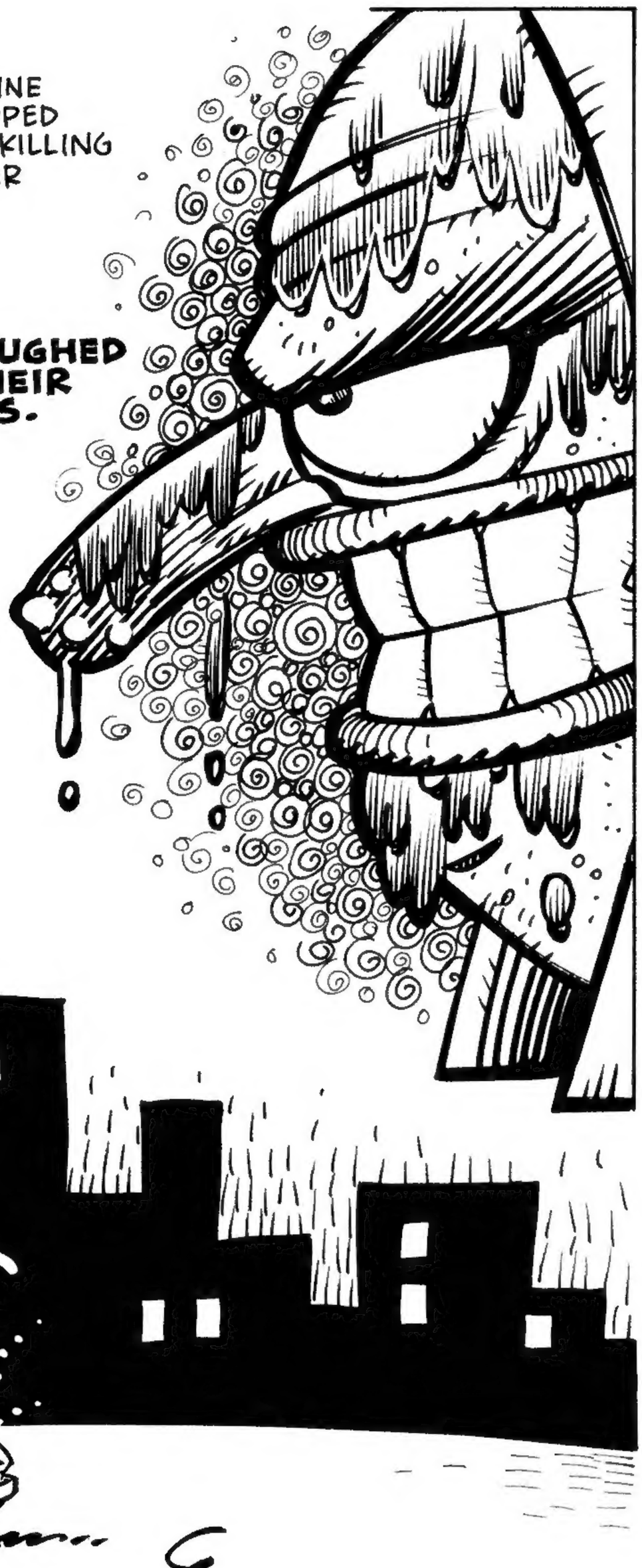
THE HERALD SHIP FLEW OVERHEAD AGAIN AND KNUCKLES LAUGHED.

ARF ARF ARF

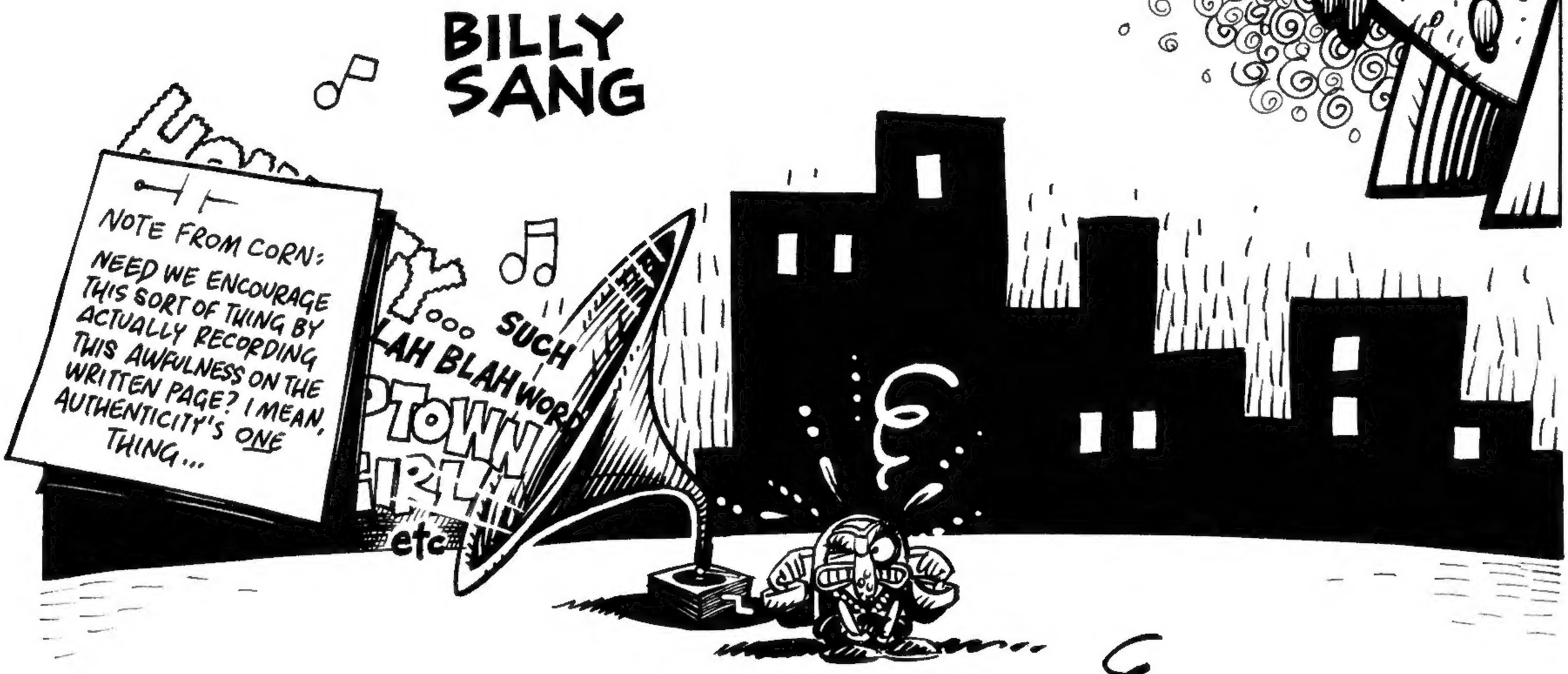
SHE KNEW HER AMMUNITION WAS GOING TO OUTCLASS THE SUBBIES, **TIMES LEFT OVER!!!**

THE SUBMARINE PEOPLE DROPPED DOLLOPS OF KILLING SHIT ALL OVER KNUCKLES.

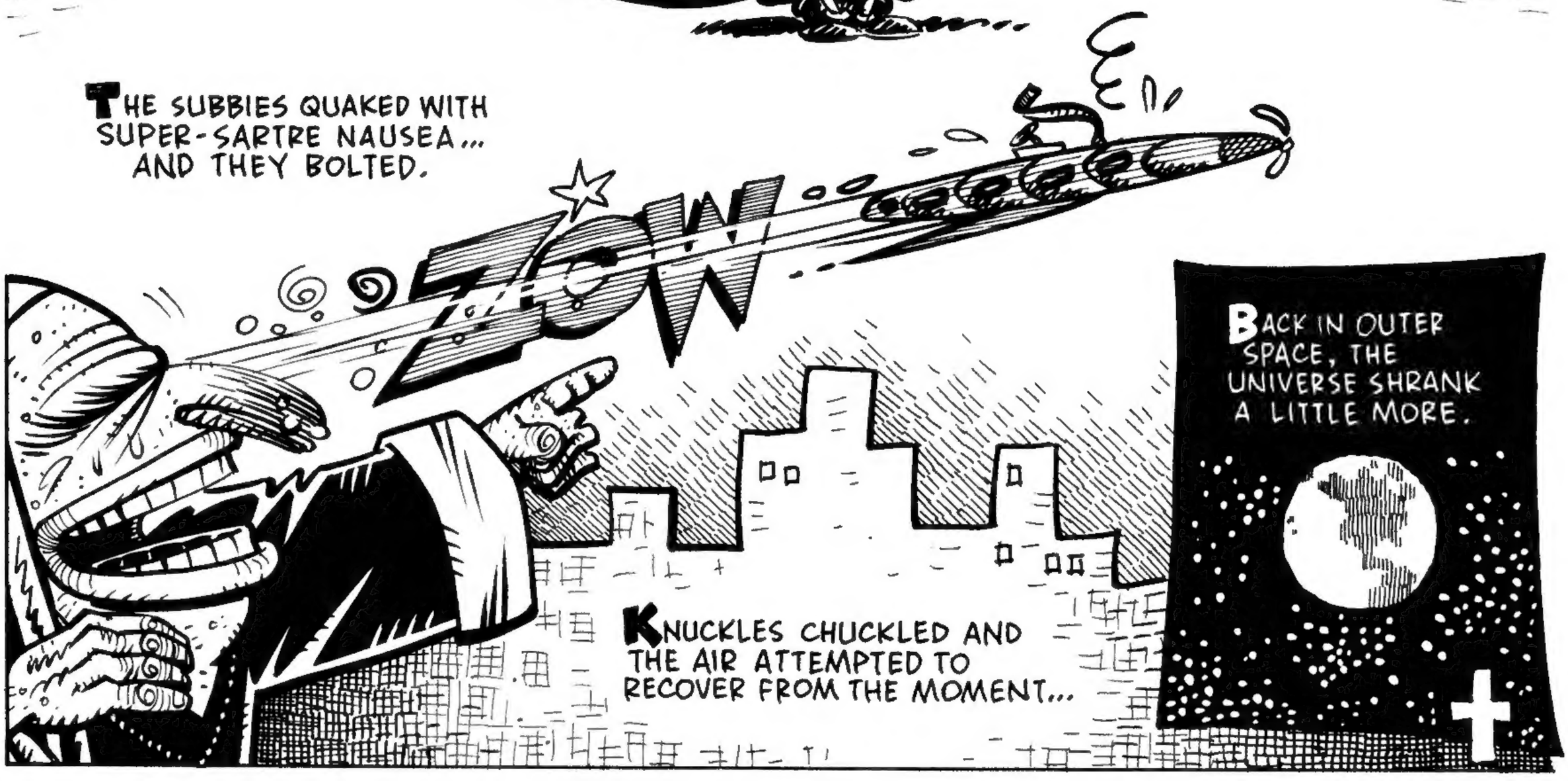
SHE LAUGHED IN THEIR FAECES.



ARMED WITH A BIG, **BIG**, **BIG** MOTHER-FUCKER OF A GRAMOPHONE (FOR THOSE RAGEY SHERRY-PARTIES), KNUCKLES COCKED HER HANDS OVER HER EARS AND...


BILLY SANG
NOTE FROM CORN:
NEED WE ENCOURAGE THIS SORT OF THING BY ACTUALLY RECORDING THIS AWFULNESS ON THE WRITTEN PAGE? I MEAN, AUTHENTICITY'S ONE THING...
SUCH
etc

THE SUBBIES QUAKED WITH SUPER-SARTRE NAUSEA... AND THEY BOLTED.



KNUCKLES CHUCKLED AND THE AIR ATTEMPTED TO RECOVER FROM THE MOMENT...

KNUCKLES the Malevolent Nun in "THE INTELLECTUALLY HANDICAPPED REALLY PISS ME OFF!"

©1991 STONE & LANGRIDGE

GRUNT

HOLY BIBLE

ARF ARF ARF

AHAAAAAAAAAF

"DON'T COMPROMISE YOURSELF. YOU ARE ALL YOU'VE GOT."
- Janis Joplin

READERS PLEASE NOTE: KNUCKLES IS MEANT TO BE NOTHING LESS THAN A COMPLETE BITCH IN THIS CARTOON AND NO OFFENCE TO ANY INTELLECTUALLY HANDICAPPED PERSON IS INTENDED.

"KRAZY KUNT

SHE IS NEW UPON MY BEAT, "KRAZY"

SHUX! SHE AH-PEARS TO BE A "NONE" HEVVING A NUMBA "TOO" IN A POTTERY

DISTERTIONS OF REALITY—

~NUN~

A-WUN

GRUNT

"IGNATZ MICE" ~ IN THE NAME OF THE LOO ~

SIGH

PUNK

HAH!

ZIP

WHERE IS THAT "KAT" THEN? I WANT TO CREASE HIS FOOL DOME

PO-LEECE

A-TREE

A-TOO

SPLAPPY

W-HI-ZZ

A-FOE

THERE'S SOMETHING "SHITTY" GOING ON AROUND HEREABOUTS

A-FEEF

HEH HEH HEH

SNIFF

SNIFF

CONVENT

A-SEX

SAINT GEORGE—

"SLEEPYPOOH" TOO END

COLORS BY PAT MORIARITY

SIGILLVM NOVVS
M·X·I·I
SIGILLVM CAPITIS